

Alchemy

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At some point in any conversation
a door appears. Beyond it,
the end to loneliness stands
magnificently naked
in the sweet breath of a pause.
It offers you a chance to probe the world
together in an uncomplicated,
often-public dance. You accept.

If certain voiced combinations
create heat, latent surprises
like the ending note of a finch's song,
how much more frequently
would you speak with someone?
How much less?